and defiance in her eyes and every me

in her expression and gestures as there were in the words, and she sang plaintively and effectively. Altogether it was very dramatic and effective—thoroughly worth the extra bottle of

spiced wine which she demanded as

her pay after she had got over the ex-citement of the music.

From Pere Lunette's we went to th

Chateau Rouge—Red House. The Cha-teau Rauge will soon be a thing of the past. It has already played an impor-

past. It has already played an impor-tant part in the history of France, aside from the important part which it has played in the history of Paris crime. It is not far from Pere Lunct-te's and is closer yet to the great cathedral of Notre Dame. It was the palace built by Louis XIV. for his mistress, the notorious Gabrielle d Este and is as magnificent in its old archi-

and is as magnificent in its old archi

tectural curves as it is squalid in its dirt and misery. Entrance is through a court at the back of which the lurid

red of the Chatean Rouge's walk shows startling. Strangers are no

looked upon with favor there. They are too likely to be searching for some on

who does not want to be found. There

are always many such at the Chateau Rouge, and they will continue to go

there, although they know that the place is constantly under the sur-veillance of the police, because they

can get there certain advantages of accommodation and companionship which they find no where else in Paris.

The ground floor of the Chateau

Rouge is given up to a room full of cheap tables. The floor is ineffably dirty and the high old ceiling is ob-

scured by dirt and cobwebs. At mid-night on that night there was not an

empty seat at any of the 40 tables and the light from the flaring gas

place. It is really a lodging house where the price of one glass of horri-

ble liquor entitles a person to a seat at the tables and the privilege of sleep-ing in that seat until 3 in the morning.

when all the miserable outcasts who heads have been lying on their hand

for six or seven hours are hustled into the street. Men, women and children there are in that room, and there is

not one among them who does not bear on face and figure and clothes the mark not only of the extremest poverty, but of being a part of the very worst element in all Paris. Look closely at the heads of the sleeping makes they lie on the tables and

mob as they lie on the tables, you will see that all of them

fanned by many breezes from windows, cast weird shadows and un-gainly lights upon the miserable throng. This is estensibly a drinking

ANARCHISTS OF PARIS

A Visit to Their Resort and a Glimpse of Their Ways.

SECRET POLICE AND CRIME

Vile Dens Where Human Beings Herd Together Like Beasts-Why the Filthy Places Are Kept Open.

(Copyright, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller,)



ARIS, May 30.-"Paris is a comedy, with 2,000,-000 people in the cast." I wrote that once, feeling that I had beer truthful and epigrammatic at the same time. this morning, after a night with the police poking and prying about

in the hidden metropolis I feel inclined to write:
"Paris is a melodrama, with just
enough of comedy to prevent it from darkening into a tragedy."

We drove rapidly from the Hotel Terminus. Detective Houlier, a brigatier of the Service de Surete, or Secret Service, was my guide, having been assigned to the task by M. Crochefort. the Commissaire. Superintendent Byrnes of New York had already told about him. M. Houlier was sent to New York not long ago to take a is popular in New York. He speaks English fluently, which did not prevent him from talking emphatic French to

our cabman.

The streets are lined with low cabarets or drinking places, small shops where thieves may sell their plunder, the dismal abodes of ugly women who are ready for anything, from a flirta-tion based on finance to a bit of strangling, when it may be done safely. This one street in particular is said to be without a single honest denizen. It is stated that it has been the scene of more murders than it has doorways, and that thefts are and have been for and that theits are and have been for many years nightly incidents along it. The whole policy of the Parisian police, you know, is concentration. They recognize that dishonesty and violence are inevitable, just as they recognize that the social evil is inevitable. They believe that, these things being true, it is much better to control them openly. much better to control them openly than it is to pretend to annihilate them. while permitting them, in reality, to take their own devious courses. They have no idea that wickedness can be have no idea that wickedness can be wiped out, but they set to work in an



THE WARNING WHISTLE.

unassuming, practical, nineteenth cen-tury way to do as much toward keep-ing it in check as possible. Thus the criminal population of Paris concentrated in certain localities. It theoretically, impossible for a thief

to live elsewhere.

This, argues the Parisian, has two advantages. First, the honest man, understanding the system, knows what localities to avoid; second, having concentrated crime, the police find it much easier to watch it than would be the case were it scattered about all over the city. The district of which I write is one of those localities in which criminals are thus permitted to herd.

Just before we turned into the Rue

Just before we turned into the Rue de Venice, a young man wearing a dilapidated yachting cap, and jauntily, despite his lack of a coat, popped out of a doorway in front of us. He began to whistle a French song. Instantly M. Houltier whispered to me:

'Ah, he knows us. Keep close be hind him and see the doors close."

We stepped quickly along so that he We stepped quickly along so that he should not get too far in advance of us. Down through the Rue de Venice he marched with a nonchalence of air, an indifference of step, which were apparently as unstudied as possible, but he ever whistled that French song. And as far as the shrill notes reached the doors shut in advance of us.

After we had passed through the street we glanced back and saw it deserted and dead. The French song had done its work. It had sung "Beware! Police! Close up;" to every person in the street, and the warning had been most promptly and completely

been most promptly and completely heeded. M. Houlier told me that a man is ever kept on watch at each entrance to this and other streets of similar character, whose duty it is to scrutinize those who approach, and give the signal if he has any reason to suspect them. It was quite like a scene from one of the old melodramas—silent and mysterious. As a matter silent and mysterious. As a matter of fact, it is not important. The police understand that, and the people understand it, too, probably. It is simply one of the many little harm-less theatrical things which the French love to do Here it is a decided. less theatrical things which the French love to do. Here it is a development of the criminal class, and is, therefore, a criminal trick. But it is of the same parentage as the Frenchwoman's love for bright colors. It amuses the perple and the police do not mind, for they have ways of seeing what they wish to see and going where they wish to see and going where they wish to go, independent of the watchman and his shrill Franch song.

Later in the evening M. Houlier resorted to one of these plans, and we entered most of the places whose doors had been so mysteriously closed before—entered them without permit-

doors had been so mysteriously closed before—entered them without permit-ting a single person to know that the police were near. And the watchman, in the meantime, had been quietly

taken into custody.

The first was a dance hall of an atraordinary character. Its largest feet, and its width was not at any place more than one-half as much. At least 50 per cent. of this small room was occupied by plain board benches and primitive wooden tables. At one of these tables we sat without attention. M. Houlier ordered "cognac

"One can take brandled cherries without fear," said he. They are not likely to be worse here than elsewhere. likely to be worse here than elsewhere. But the wine or the beer"— and an expressive shoulder shrug followed.

Before us was that small portion of the room which was, devoted to dancing, and in its narrow limits an incredible number of couples were waltzing with a fervor which varied with the amount of liquor which the dancers had drunk during the early evening. The music was furnished by a fiddler, a cornetist and a pianist, who were provided for in a tiny recess.

of white paper. In payment therefor, they expect a franc. Thus does the bold, bad anarchist manage to eke out bold, bad anarchist manage to eke out a living. Our party was sketched separately and together. Among the men who gathered around us—Houlier was well known, and his presence commanded respect—was one who was better known to the police than he wanted to be, and who tried to sneak away unseen. But his efforts were frustrated by the proprietor himself, who had no desire to achive a worse reputation no desire to achive a worse reputation s had drunk during the early even.
The music was furnished by a dier, a cornetist and a planist, who re provided for in a tiny recess. e dancers ranged in age from 16 to The women averaged perhaps 25 modesire to achive a worse reputation ho desire to achive a worse reputation when the had already gained. The rear room, like that in front, was vividly decorated with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room, like that in front, was vividly decorated with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room, like that in front, was vividly decorated with ready gained with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room, like that in front, was vividly decorated with ready gained with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room like that in front, was vividly decorated with ready gained with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room like that in front was vividly decorated with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room like that in front was vividly decorated with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room like that in front was vividly decorated with the secret service than he had already gained. The rear room like that in front was vividly decorated with the rear room like that in front was vivid a worse reputation.



THE ENTRANCE TO PERE LUNETTE'S. years. Costumes were careless. One young woman contented herself with years. Costumes were careless. One young woman contented herself with a corset and a skirt as the only visible garments, and she attracted no especial attention. Criminality does not seem to rob the French woman of her prettiness, and there were those there that night whose very dirt and tatters were chie and jaunty. But the men! that night whose very dirt and tatters were chic and jaunty. But the men! Frenchmen are rarely of fine appearance, anyway, the lowest of them, such as patronize this place, look like beasts. High cheek bones, small, widely set eyes, flat noses, short stature, big hands and feet and ungraceful arms and legs are characteristics. Such faces as I saw that night in Paris I have never seen in the worst quarters of New York or London; such utter and entirely brutalized deprayity utter and entirely brutalized depravity

could not be written on any but a French face of the lowest type.

Every time the music stopped—and dances were not more than three or four minutes long—the proprietor (by four minutes long—the proprietor (by all means the most horrible faced of all the men) stepped forward and collected of each man 10 centimes (2 cents) before he would permit him to dance again. The space was so small that no more than one-half of the occupants of the room could dance at one time, so the crowd at the tables and that on the dancing floor were censtantly required to change places. A little high kicking created great dissatisfaction because it took too much room.

I was not surprised to learn that this place had been the scene of two murders within the year—one of the victims being a member of one branch of the police service, the republican guards. It is permitted to continue in existence, because the Paris police philosophically figure that if these peo-ple did not meet here they would find some other and very likely less acces-sible place, and I have some slight reason for believing that the proprie-tor of this dive is not without a cutof tor of this dive is not without a ction with the Palais de Justic This place was a fair sample of the

worst of the Paris dance halls. It is such places as it that the thugs of Paris find their rough amusement The stranger who goes there under police escorts and sits quietly at one of the tables in the rear is certain not to be molested, but the stranger who went alone would be in danger of drugged drinks, despite the watchfulness of the Bernehlen ground and it. drugged drinks, despite the watchfulness of the Republican guard. And if he attempted to make free with one of the girls we would be his lot. The thug is jealous of his inamorita.

From this dance hall, after many strange calls and unsuspected peeps into queer places, we strolled around to Pere Lunette's. Pere Lunette's is the anarchist resort which is best

the anarchist resort, which is best known of all those in Paris. The po-lice come within an ace of arresting one of the most sensational of the past two years' dynamiters there, and it is hinted that they avoided taking him while he was actually within the place because they did not want to have to

Pere Lunette's is a long, low room of

most extraordinary contents. It is di-vided at about its middle by a parti-

vided at about its middle by a partition which is painted with fairly good caricature portraits of some well-known Frenchmen. Writers, artists, politicians, journalists, even actors, are in this strange gallery, which includes about twenty men who have incurred the enmity of the habitues of Pere Lunette's. The portraits are not badly done. Their source is quickly discovered after one enters the rear half of the room. Three artists are among the regular patrons of Pere Lunette's. Instantly when a stranger

tures, although the faces of well known men had been used by the artists who had made the pictures. Zola was there as a little dog picking up the bone of public appraval, although he had to run through the miry puddle of hypocrisy in order to obtain it. Tolstol was represented as being led away from anarchy-the beautiful and true-by the will o' the wisp of false philanthopy. The only men who were glorified on this wall were Edouard Drumont, who is the editor of Libre Parole, and the most rabid agitator in France, and Henri Rochefort, who for a time shared Drumont's exile, and for the same offense—exciting the pop-ulace against the government. Some of the paintings in this extraordinary collection omitted personalities, and



"A REGULAR NEMESIS."

were devoted to ridiculing or abusing the customs of the present day—one of them which aimed to deride the pre-tended virtue of the women of the bourgeoisie being indescribable and unprintable.

One woman only was among One woman only was among the crowd in this strange resort. She was a horrible creature with long, unkempt locks, red, inflamed eyes, a slouchy dress, half off, and a way of waving her arms and swinging her legs which was not ungraceful, but was wholly unpleasant. By and by, under the influence of spiced wine, the crowd began to sing. Instantly this woman sprang close it up. Another instance of their method of giving bad men a chance to congregate so that they (the police) will have a chance to watch them. strength and by no means without its

at as many faces as you can and on every one-young or old, and there are some very young ones there—and you will see the lines of crime cut deep in them. Nothing but depravity ever by any chance strays into tha room except to see the sights. Opening from the back of this room is another and smaller room, which is kept clean-kept for the aristocratic among the thieves. Down its center runs a long black table, around which,

as we entered, an array of villainous looking characters gathered and de-manded drinks. They got them—got many of them—and were well pleased. Here again the wall is adorned with Here again the wall is adorned with pictures and well-painted pictures, too. They were painted by a drunken artist who took this way of paying a bill which he had contracted with the proprietor of the Chateau Rouge and who chose for his subject the murder of the mother of a commissionaire du police, which occurred a few years ago. The murderer was one of the regulars at the Chateau Rouge, and was ar-

sweetness, she rolled out the words of

four or five typical anarchist songs, ac-companying her music with the weird gestures which made her seem a being

not quite human. When, in the last verse of the last song, the rough poetry

began its condemnation of existing so-clety, she straightened up, her dress falling still further from her shoulders.

AT THE BACK OF THE CHATEAU ROUGE.

at the Chateau Rouge, and was ar-rested there, so that the picture has its very local significance.

The first picture shows the old lady walking in the garden of her home in one of the suburbs of Paris, with an evil face-and they say that it is a gazing out at her from behind a shrub. The next gives the details of the murder, which was an unnecessarily brutal crime. Then comes the arrest of the murderer in the Chateau Rouge; then his confrontation with the corpse of his victim in the morgue; then his cell, with him sitting smilingly on the bed in it; then his march to the guillotine, and finally the instant in which his head dropped into the basket. Other pictures are there of a like Other pictures are there of a like cheerful character. Murder or the punishment for murder plays a part in every one of them. Skeletons and isolated skulls, the guillotine and the gallows, coffins and spectres are strewn indiscriminately over the four walls and the ceiling. This is a part of the same French love for the horrible that made 4,000 neonle visit the morgue that made 4,000 people visit the morgue one day last week to view the remains of two children who had been

some peculiarity of shape which mean

a defective and criminal mind. Gaze

of two children who had drowned. Here again came a song. It was no the song of the anarchist, or of any cult except pure viciousness. It called for the righting of no wrongs; it was inferior to the horrible ditties which we had just listened to at Pere Lunette's, because it dealt simply with filth and wickedness for own sakes only. The whole party of six or seven

cracked by drink, and whose wicked tion. Her hair flew about her head in a whirl from the vigor of her gestures, a whirl from the vigor of her gestures, and her red eyes we those of a mad woman, who thirsted for blood. She looked the Nemesis. A moment later the song changed to the story of the wrongs of the people, and wound up with an appeal to all humanity to help them—to help themselves. When she reached it there was as great a change in her expression and gestures as there

cracked by drink, and whose wicked leers and generally repulsive face would have been enough to turn a weak person sick.

He formed my escort, when a few moments later, I went to the upper rooms of the old palace. Only one of them is given over to the crowd which swarms in from the dark places of the city every night. The others are reserved by the proprietor for his own uses and those of his family. This one room was once the saloon of the beautiful but wicked woman for whom the house was built, and its celling is the house was built, and its celling is without question the original. Even the awful dirt of the Chateau Rouge has not accumulated thickly enough to hide the centerpiece, which bears the arms and royal crest of Louis XIV., just as do the cellings of the royal palace at Versailles. But what a sight this royal crest looks down

Packed so closely on the floor that one cannot by any possobility get across the room without stepping upon them, were men asleep. They had no beds. They lay on the bare boards. Some of them had taken off their clothes—all of them—and made them up into bundles, which they used for pillows, but that was all. The room was reeking with the odor of this hundred of the awful poverty brigade which was bivouacked upon its floor, and when the gas was suddenly turned up, the glare was greeted by a chorus of horrible curses from the men whom it disturbed—the faces it revealed were by all odds the most hor-Packed so closely on the floor that vealed were by all odds the most hor rible that could still bear the human

I have seen the mob of desperates and destitutes which slept on the floor of the Stephen Merritt mission of Eighth avenue, New York, during th distress of the hard times of two years ago, and I have many times been through the worst of the lodging houses in London, but I never saw such faces in any of them as I saw that night at the Chateau Rouge, and I never want to see such faces again. All were bearded and all were dirty. Not one but was marked by the inefand crime. I felt no hesitation in be-lieving that there were among the crowd, prostrate and cursing at the intrusion upon the floor, men who had done the worst that human beings can. Two were pointed out to me as returned from the convict colony at New Caledonia, and I found that this was true later when they told many stories about the life there. A bundle of rags over in one corner moved, and finally began to curse with a vigor and orig-inality which was greater than any that had been developed even by this crowd of experts. The voice was not that of a man, and I questioned my

"That is the only woman who ever sleeps up here," he said. "She is fa-mous throughout the slums of Paris mous throughout the slums of Paris as a woman who served her time in the French army, and lived for years in the gold fields as a man doing a man's work, and having no associates but men. She is old now, and can no longer stand the hardships of the rough life she used to love so well; all that she can do is to come to this miserable place and herd with these. She erable place and herd with these. erable place and herd with these. has no criminal record, so far as the police know, although she seems to care for no companions except those that she finds in such places as these—places which the respectable poor would shun as they would shun plague

She was still calling out horrible French curses on our heads when we went downstairs, out of the salon of Gabreille d'Este—a room built as the monument of a king's wickedness, and remaining as the resort of the lowest human beings in all Paris. The night was well along into the realm of the morning. We had seen much; we had seen nothing that was

seen enough LAUGH NEVER CHANGES.

not terrible and revolting. We

How the Fact Was Illustrated By an In cident at the Federal Building.

If the Bertillion system of identification had a phonographic record of the laughs of criminals, it would probably be as near perfect as an identification system can be. The fact that man comes into the world wailing has been regarded as a sort of prophecy of the truth that as a rule the sorrows of life outnumber the joys when all the returns are in, but an optimist might see an opposite significance in the fact that a man's laugh remains the sam through all the changing years. When the cares of manhood succeed to the happy-go-lucky days of boyhood, this laugh of his may be called into use, as it were, very little, but when it is put into operation it is the same old laugh end every boyhood friend would know it instantly.

An old soldier who fought through the war with Fred Hartwick, who drives a mail collector's wagon on the north side, happened to be in Chicago for a week not long since. He heard that Mr. Hartwick was on Postmaster Hesing's staff, and went to the federal building to find him. He took his sta-tion at a point past which all the car-riers filed to report for duty, and as Hartwick came along some one pointed him out.

Without disclosing his own identity, the veteran approached and began ask-ing Hartwick if he remembered various incidents in the history of their regi-ment during the war. Of course he did and they soon fell into conversation, organizing a kind of camp fire meeting between themselves. One member of the regiment was in business in New Orleans, another was in a bank down in the state, several were farming, on was the local manager for one of the big commercial agencies in one of the

large cities and so on.

Several times Hartwick asked his old companion-at-arms his name, but the latter only smiled and went on with the conversation. Finally, when it be-came necessary for them to separate, as Hartwick was obliged to go out on his run, the man laughed outright as he said:

"Well, Fred, I never thought you'd

"Well, Fred, I never thought you'd forget me after what we went through together."
"The minute he laughed," said Mr. Hartwick, in relating the incident, "I knew just who he was and all about him, but I hadn't seen him for 30 years and he had changed so I couldn't have and he had changed so I couldn't have told him from Adam. His laugh had grown older, too, of course, but it was the same old laugh."

Got Her Wish.

From the Christian Register.

It was at dinner, and there had been chicken, of which the little daughter of the house had partaken with great freedom. "I want some more chicken," said Frances. "I think you have had as much as is good for you, dear," replied Frances's mamma. "I want more." And cludes about twenty men who have includes about twenty in the filth and wickedness for own sakes only. The whole party of six or seven only. The whole party of six or seven

TALK OF GOTHAM CITY

Thomas C. Platt to Retire Permanently From Politics.

GOV. MORTON AS AN ATHLETE

Why New York Is to Have an Era of Cleanliness-The Return of Miss Whitney-June Wedding.

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The greatest surprise was occasioned official circles lays ago when it was asserted that had determined to relinquish his

to relinquish his political leadership. The story would have teen disbelieved altogether had it not been given with some confirmatory detail, and to some extent been based upon assertions of Mr. Platt's own.
The idea in the leader's mind is

leader's mind is to retire gradually from his somewhat anomalous position and devote himself exclusively to his personal business affairs. This idea was formed by Mr. Platt as long ago as March, but it was impossible for him to carry it out, because he had been assailed virulently by his opponents and retirement would by his opponents, and retirement would have seemed something in the nature of flight. Since that period Mr. Platt has been straightening out quite a series of tangles and notably refraining series of tangles and notably retraining from having anything to do with some local intrigues throughout the state. This change in the famed leader's general course has been noticed and commented upon, but it was not ascribed to its true cause, namely, Mr. Platt's unwillingless to be implicated further in the political warfare. His plan had been to take up business matters above to take up business matters above to take up business matters above. been to take up business matters ab-ruptly and quietly ignore politics, bu-in the interior of the Empire state the ruptly and quietly ignore politics, but in the interior of the Empire state the news of Mr. Platt's intentions created a positive panic in the republican ranks. It was represented to the former senator that if he turned his back upon the party at this juncture it would be simply impossible to straighten out numerous rows and faction contests. The republicans, or, rather, a large section of them believe it to be impossible to control the next national senatorial election in New York state without the benefit of Mr. Platt's experience. Another argument which had weight with Mr. Platt was to the effect that his retirement now would be construed uncomplimentarily to himself and his courage.

Those who have apotheosized Platt as the Svengall of his party in this state may not readily credit the statement that if would pay the ex-senator pecuniarily to get out of politics altogether. He cannot do so at once, but that he is preparing to accomplish that purpose ultimately there can be no doubt, in spite of the enthusiasm with which he is now preparing for the committee fight. Platt does not want to remain in politics.

remain in politics.

The New Belle.

The June wedding season is practically over, and New York city is deserted. There is scarcely a Vanderbilt or an Astor in the town. There was some life infused into a torpid month by the return of Miss Whitney, much benefited and improved by There was

proved by her trip abroad. This young lady will the belle of the season. Already a series of so-cial affairs is in honor, and as one of the great

esses of the day her career will be watched with interest. Her father re-mains wedded to his political ambi-tions, and indeed the ex-secretary of the navy is now deemed the chief prop of the democratic party in New York. Since his return the situation for the democracy has greatly improved. Whitney has been in conference with the leaders of every faction, and many the leaders of every faction, and many bitter fights have been arbitrated. Yet it is noted that Mr. Whitney remains devoted to his daughter amid all these distractions. He drives with her in the park, and has been her companion on numerous shopping tours. The toilets brought home from Paris by the fair plutocrat are dazzling society. In the matter of bonnets and hats a small fortune reached this coast with Miss Whitney, and her taste in that line has been gratified under the supervision of her father, who thus combines domestic aptitudes with political genius.

Governor Morton an Athlete. Although the fainting spell of a few minutes, from which Governor Morton suffered, in common with a score of his fellow citizens on a recent hot day, has been forgot-



ten, practically, it is worth while to note that he is every day liv-ing the life of an athlete. The gov-ernor is one of the strongest men, physically, that ever sat in that ever sat in the magisterial chair of his commonwealth. He thinks nothing of putting in 14 hours a day at his desk,

and does so frequently. He has al-ways been devoted to athletics, and in his gymnasium at Ellerslie he surpasses even his athletic daughters at feats on the horizontal bar. He leads an open-air life at his beautiful counan open-air life at his beautiful country seat. Although his gubernatorial dignity does not permit much indulgence in rude sports, it is a fact well known in his village that Mr. Morton can pitch a decent curve at baseball, can manage rather frisky horses, and is a fine bowler. With gun and rod he has always been, and is, quite expert, unless his duties have resulted in loss of practice of late. In fact, it is to the life he has led that Governor Morton owes his comparatively youthful look in this maturity of his years. It is a singular fact that the average life of the governor's direct lineal ancestors for five generations back has been 93 years, and one of his great-grandfathers died at 98. Mr.

money bags. Certainly, the governor cannot desire the sake of the salary. the presidency for the cannot

Street Cleaning Settled.

Unless something very unexpected transpires, the experim

riment now mak-ing in the new method of street cleaning in York will York will con-tinue under the suspension of suspension of Col. Waring. Nothing is more unlikely than his retirement from the department. Within the last few weeks the commissionerhas

positively astounded the city with the results of his reforms. Waring does more than clean the streets. He keeps them clean. He keeps them clean.

The whole of the recent investigation of Waring is understood to be a Tammany intrigue. The deficit of which so much was talked, became farical the moment it was found to be a lack of appropriations. There has now come a sort of lull in the storm against Waring, and the commissioner is preparing to take advantage of it by is preparing to take advantage of it by going on a fishing trip. He is devoted to the rod and reel, and has accom-plished some wonders in that line of

Next autumn Mr. Waring will inaugurate further and sweeping re-forms. His fame as a sanitary munici-pal engineer has already penetrated to Europe and quite a review of his ca-reer and work was presented to the British public lately. There can be no possible doubt that New York is to be-come a clean city. ome a clean city.

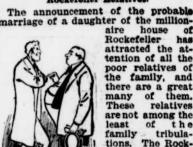
The recovery of the president of Mexico from his recent illness, which appears to be complete, was not allowed to pass unmarked by his



marked by his admirers in New York. The Mex-ican residents are not many in number her, but the New Yorkers interested in the republic's affairs are quite numer-ous, and they ous, and they caused a series of congratulatory resolutions to be engrossed and

sent to Diaz. New Yorkers of prominence who have met the Mexican president speak in terms of the highest praise of his regard for our fellow citizens. There was a time when Americans were treated rather cavallerly in Mexico, but when our state department addressed a remonstrance to the republic on the subject, the matter was courteously acknowledged, and for a long time this form of annoyance has not been visited upon our fellow creatures. W. Seward Webb's Mexican party received numerous at sent to Diaz. New Yorkers of prom-inence who have met the Mexican Mexican party received numerous attentions, and other New Yorkers have been similarly honored. Diaz has quite a collection of old china, a fad which he gratifies by occasional pur-chases in New York through agents, a fact which causes some of his crit-ics to dub him the pursuer of great-ness and china.

Rockefeller Relatives



attracted the at-tention of all the poor relatives of the family, and there are there are a great many of them. These relatives are not among the least of the family tribula-tions, The Rockefellers have been very good to their less fortunate

West they have West they have relatives well placed in the world through their influence. But there is a section of the country in which pseudo relatives are quite numerous, and they assert the kinship, notwithstanding that the Rockefellers themselves do not admit it. Ever since the announcement was made that a wedding was likely in the near future. ding was likely in the near future, these grotesque countrymen have been writing their congratulations and an-nouncing an intention of being present at the wedding. On the other hand at the wedding. On the other hand there are genuine relatives of the family who are very poor and who work on farms in the west. They quar-reled with the plutocrats years ago and will not notice them at all, although it s inderstood that an effort is now to

DAVID WECHSLER.



Palpitation of the Heart Shortness of Breath, Swelling of Legs and Feet.

For about four years I was troub shortness of breath and swelling of the legs and feet. At times I would faint. I was treated by the best phy-sicians in Sayannah, Ga., with no re-lief. I then tried various Springs without benefit. Finally, I tried

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure

also his Nerve and Liver Pills. After beginning to take them I felt better! I continued taking them and I am now in better health than for many years Since my recovery I have gained fifty pounds in weight. I hope this state-ment may be of value to some poor

sufferer. E. B. SUTTON, Ways Station, Ga. Dr. Miles Heart Cure is sold on a positive guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. All druggists sell it at \$1,6 bottles for \$5, or it will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.